

GIANT BEER TRUST WITH CUPID AS PRESIDENT, ST. LOUIS WATERS VERDICTS MILLIONS.

Love Links the Three Greatest Brewery Interests in this Country.

LET BRITONS BEWARE.

This Combine Will Swamp Their Syndicate and Outshine Their Ale Barons.

PABST, SCHLITZ, LEMP & CO.

That's the Firm Now, and Anheuser-Busch and Others Are Prospective Admittants.

They say in the world of dollars that a monster beer trust is forming to combat and perform to overwhelm the British syndicate which some time ago set out to control the output of beer. It is said that already there are \$300,000,000 of brewing capital signed to the articles of agreement, and that the representatives of the new giant combine are at work ever so stealthily, ever so shrewdly, adding new millions to the roll. Great bankers have a hand in it. Malsters are on the list, a host of men who have vast investments in tributary lines of business are hastening to get in on the ground floor of this most mammoth of all corporations.

Cupid Rules the Trusts.

But the potent force, the most masterful agent in this stupendous scheme of millions, is a bare boy with a bow and arrow. Cupid rules this big beer trust.

The newspapers hinted but vaguely at this astounding fact when they said two months ago: "The consummation of the scheme is said to depend upon the decision soon to be made by the Paris Brewing Company, of Milwaukee, and the big breweries in St. Louis."

Marriage Certificates the Agreements.

Cupid, since then, has done a fine work of negotiation. He has tied up in a hard knot the giant brewing concerns of Milwaukee and St. Louis, has made their hearts and minds one. He will vote their stock and frame their opinions. The main articles of the beer trust agreement are marriage certificates, and the emblem of beer marriage is not a keg, but an orange flower.

But the cable despatches which told last week of the marriage in the Isle of Wight of Colonel Gustav C. Pabst, of Milwaukee, and Miss Hilda Lemp, daughter of W. J. Lemp, of St. Louis, have only told a part of the story. The marriage in the island church at Ventnor was a crowning accomplishment in the work of brewing consolidation.

Rich Brewers' Children Wed.

It not only consolidates the brewing firms of Pabst and Lemp. It completes the triangular union of Pabst, Lemp and Schlitz, for it is not so very long ago that Fred Pabst, brother of the gay Colonel, was wedded to Miss Uhllein, and Miss Uhllein's father is head of the Joseph Schlitz brewery, which for years have divided fame and profit with the Pabst family.

Another Wedding is Expected.

It is said in St. Louis that Miss Lemp, the younger sister of her who is now Mrs. Gustav Pabst, is to be married, by and by, and that the marriage will make her a kinswoman of the house of Busch.

So Cupid smiles and the English syndicate will do well to tremble.

The Sly God Looked Ahead.

Cupid was farsighted, too. Young Pabst became a friend of Miss Lemp's brother years and years ago. They hunted together, fished together, bought wild Western lands and killed away the gamblers together. Lemp and Pabst visited in St. Louis, and met Miss Lemp, and only after long years learned that she was his sister.

The Wedding Was Bartered.

They were to have been married late this fall, after the young woman's summer journey was over. Cupid, with his great scheme of consolidation, could not wait. So Colonel Pabst went abroad and wedded his bride in the Isle of Wight, where her sister's wedding was tried, and to give emphasis to the cordiality of the union on both sides, both families were there to wish them joy.

Only a Coat of Arms Needed.

These families, represented in the great plan of brewery consolidation, are essentially brewing families. They have had their beginnings, and all their history, as Americans, in the brewing trade. The story of any and all of them parallels the story of the family of Busch, Baron Barons, of Ranzemore, Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire. The only elements lacking in the American records are the un-American titles and the registered coat-of-arms.

Society's Doors Open to Them.

For the matter of money, this aggregating brewing family would probably buy and sell Bas, of Burton.

Society's Doors Open to Them.

For cultivation and social prominence and adaptability to all sorts of fine fashionable living, they are no whit behind the Briton. The best doctors society has are open to them, and they are not content to sit at home with a worldly hospitality to the snuffs of an older age. They maintain palatial homes in both town and country, they are members of the most exclusive clubs and societies, and can be approached without ransoming a scintilla of flunkers.

Frederick Pabst's Early Life.

It is worth while to know in what a brief time, from what meagre beginnings and in what ratio of growth the branches of this marvellous combination of energy and capital have been developed preparatory to their union. And not in this cursory story of it, that the year 1837, the year of the big beer combine, is not the first time that Dan Cupid has set a hand to the long lines of wheat. Before he was twenty-one he had overseen the whole business from the beginning.

Frederick Pabst's Early Life.

There was, in the first place, an old brewer in Milwaukee named Philip Best, whose business was small, but growing. There was also a boy named Frederick Pabst, who came from Nienburg, Germany, when he was six years old, eleven he was waiter boy in a Chicago hotel, a little later a cabin boy on the lake steamer, and before he was twenty-one he was commanding the boat. Then he owned a boat of his own.

Misled Brewer Best's Daughter.

When Cupid got at him, and he married Philip Best's daughter and went into the brewing business with her father, Emil Schuabert, married the other daughter, Philipp Best retired from business and left his son-in-law to run it.

In 1874 he was incorporated, with Fred Pabst as president. It had a capital of \$200,000. In 1884 the name was changed to the capital being \$2,000,000. In 1886 it was increased to \$10,000,000.

Pabst himself has been said to control \$4,000,000 worth of real estate in Mil-



MRS. CRAVEN'S SON-IN-LAW



GUSTAVE PABST



CAPT. PABST

Principals and Scenes in the Great Beer-Interest Nuptials.

waukee alone apart from the brewery interests. He operates the greatest beer brewery in the world. When the English syndicate offered him \$10,000,000 in gold for it he laughed at it and said it was worth as much to him as to anybody living. And it is worth millions more than it was then. Cupid has made it so.

And the Schlitz brewery which young Fred Pabst has annexed by his marriage to Miss Uhllein? The Uhllein control it all. The history of Schlitz is much the same as the history of Pabst. Their genius is the same.

Joseph Schlitz's Early Life.

Joseph Schlitz, founder of the Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company, was born in Mayence, May 15, 1831. His father was a speculator in wine. Young Schlitz got his schooling in his native city. Then he took a four years' course in bookkeeping. For a purpose of better perfecting himself in this study he assumed charge of the books of a prominent house there, and remained with them four years. In 1855 Mr. Schlitz came to Milwaukee and engaged in the brewing business. In 1858 he purchased a little brewery of August Krug and laid in the corner stone of the great business fame known as the Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company. The business prospered. Each year it grew. In April, 1875, the ill-fated steamer Schiller went down off the English coast. Joseph Schlitz was among the lost.

At the time of his death Mr. Schlitz was president of the Schlitz Brewing Company, vice-president of the Second Ward Savings Bank, secretary of the Brewers' Fire Insurance Company, of America, of which he was one of the founders. Mr. Schlitz was also an active member of the United States Brewers' Association, secretary of the Milwaukee Brewers' Association, a Mason, and a member of numberless other societies.

Before sailing for Europe he had made a provision by will that in case of his death the vast business should be continued under the name of the Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company, under the management of August, Henry, Edward and Alfred Uhllein.

In August Uhllein's daughter, that Frederick Pabst, Jr., has married, had a new fortune for herself.

So much for the Milwaukee end of the great combine.

The establishment of Lemp in St. Louis, next to be taken in by way of the altar to the trust of brewing families, had just as small beginnings as had the other two. Lemp came from Germany in 1840, and went to St. Louis, and there started in Second street a little brewery. He taught his son the complicated details of beer making, and in 1862 he died and left him to new fortune for himself.

The son proved to be a brewer extraordinary and a wizard at business. He bought new ground, he built new buildings, he put in plants that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. He said that his daughter married young Pabst saw the Lemp breweries' annual output set down at 400,000 barrels, and the total of their yearly sales footed up in the neighborhood of \$4,000,000. Lemp's depots are over all the Southern and Western countries, as those of the Milwaukee brewers are over the North and East.

There are sons, too—two of them—of the house of Lemp; bright, hustling Western

VERDICTS MILLIONS.

Mrs. Craven's Son-in-Law Will Fight Senator Fair's Children.

BACKED BY YOUNG BUSCH.

Brewery Interests to See Famous Will Contest to a Finish.

KOEHLER'S VIGOROUS WORDS.

He Will Push the Matter If It Takes a Thousand Summers, He Says.

If Mr. Koehler keeps his word it will be a matter of barrels against millions. The husband of the daughter of the claimant will fight the cause to the highest court of California, and from there to the highest court of the country if it be necessary. He hasn't anything like the money that the opponents of the claimant have, but he is backed by some of the smartest, wealthiest and newest young men in all Missouri, and that goes for a great deal.

Here, that is, Henry Koehler—married the daughter of a woman who made a strong legal fight for a sum of money amounting to over a million and a half of dollars. His mother-in-law lost the first inning, because of the decision of a Judge of a court.

least it was popularly supposed that she knew not which way to turn.

But that her young and handsome daughter, who had acted in a purely advisory capacity—as the jury had found the judge—appeared when the darkness which broods the dawn was the blackest. This young daughter appeared with a suit for money, without money to buy yet, and money to drink which while slower, is equally as certain, if one only has the patience. This suit was more than that of Henry Koehler, Jr., of St. Louis, was not an argument, nor had he ever held in the earth for gold, but he had plucked from the face of the earth the inestimable treasure, which properly utilized, he and his son had amassed a comfortable fortune.

This suit, older by some ten years than the suit of choice, was generous to a fault. While her mother's litigation was pending he lay low and said nothing. He was like the man who holds the ace and four of a king in a poker game and does not speak until necessary. A few days before the Judge of the cause had thrown out the suit, Mr. Koehler, Jr., called on Mr. Koehler took Miss Craven to the Cliff House in San Francisco one morning and made her his wife. Then, when the Judge pronounced the verdict, which had pronounced his, it was sharp and to the point. He said that he was a member of the Craven family, and that his interests were his, believed in the pencilled instruments, and far and above all, believed in his wife.

"Therefore," announced Mr. Koehler, "I will back what money I have against the Fair millions and see this litigation through to the end. It takes a long time. This last statement was, of course, purely figurative, for no one expects Mr. Koehler, Jr., to give up the case. He will fight through a thousand Summers. But figurative or not, it yet expresses a determination on the part of the young bridegroom to fight to the end, which means a compromise which the counsel for the heirs-at-law of Senator Fair were prepared to agree upon until Mrs. Oelrichs said no.

Now young Mrs. Koehler is not nearly so reticent, nor half so cautious, as her husband. Mrs. Koehler was as aggressive as one of Charles Frohman's companies, and long ago learned the lesson that it is sometimes as advisable to speak frankly as to keep silent. That is why she said in San Francisco yesterday to a representative of the Journal: "This case is killing my dear mother, and if anything happens to her I will continue this fight as long as there is a barrel of beer left in the brewery of St. Louis, and as long as Senator Fair will have ample cause to remember that Margaret Craven Koehler is still living upon the same earth as he."

The bridegroom was more reticent, as was to be expected. He was found at the Palace Hotel, and promptly exclaimed that he did not desire to have his name spread in further connection with the Craven-Fair will case.

"I don't say, however," he remarked ingeniously, "that the Craven forces have been joined together, and that ample money will be furnished for the future conduct of the case."

"Do you supply it?" he was then asked.

"Now, really," he answered, "that is not for me to say. If I were to supply the money I must of necessity be compelled to brand the story as altogether unauthoritative. Such a statement might hurt the business, and I do not know. But you can say with perfect safety that the case will be fought to the bitter end."

Jury Verdict vs. Jury Verdict Again.

There is not the slightest doubt in the minds of all who know the former Miss Craven, her mother, and Mr. Koehler, but that one of the longest and most stubbornly contested will cases on record will inaugurate the alliance of the Craven-Fair with that of Koehler, Mrs. Craven, backed up by her newly found son-in-law, will appeal to the Supreme Court of the California courts, praying for a new trial. If this motion is denied, and it is all probability will be, then Mrs. Craven will appeal to the Supreme Court of the State. Mr. Koehler, despite his utterances, recently said to the attorneys for Mrs. Craven, in a conference which she held a few days ago that he was prepared to carry the matter to Congress, if necessary. It is not for me to say that it is not even beyond Congress, and into the hands of an international tribunal, if it was deemed that that expedient would do any good in the cause for which his wife and his mother-in-law were fighting.

Mr. Koehler, according to reports received here, is quite a different man from the one who is now being pronounced out by threats which he promulgated. The three heirs of Senator Fair are popularly supposed to be drawing the income of about \$200,000 a year. A principal of \$30,000,000. That is, Mrs. Oelrichs has the income of \$10,000,000; Miss Virginia Fair and her sister, Miss Virginia Fair, who recently married, a similar amount. This sum represents something like sixty times what Mr. Koehler is worth. A well-known mercantile agency says that he is really worth about half a million; that his brother Hugo is worth the same amount, and that his son, who is now a partner in the safe of the beer of the American Brewing Company, of which he is president, as president of this company, he draws a salary of \$25,000 a year, and is the lowest of five figures, and he is also president of a very prosperous California wine company. So that it is quite a wonder that he can support a large and healthy litigation and still manage to live in comparative luxury.

But there is something back of all this promise to fight the recognized heirs of the Fair estate which the mercantile agencies fail to mention. That is the significance of the fact that Henry Koehler, Jr., husband of Margaret Craven, and son-in-law of Mrs. Nettie Craven, is supported in his determination to fight the case by the late Senator Fair's son, who is now a partner in the safe of the beer of the American Brewing Company, of which he is president, as president of this company, he draws a salary of \$25,000 a year, and is the lowest of five figures, and he is also president of a very prosperous California wine company. So that it is quite a wonder that he can support a large and healthy litigation and still manage to live in comparative luxury.

It is not at all unlikely that they will follow the example of their brother-in-law, and with the aid of a ring and a parson set up other breweries to the trust.

A Wonderful Combination.

It is a wonderful combination altogether. Its buildings cover miles of territory, its workmen are brigades, science is its handmaiden, it controls railroads, lines of long transportation, markets in great cities and millions of acres of farming land, whose product it employs. It dictates to Legislatures and carries politicians in its capacious pocket. Its profits are like the riches of Monte Cristo, and its dominion is without boundary.

And Cupid is over it all.

GLASS OF BEER, \$174.

It Cost the City That Amount to Prosecute a Bartender for Selling to a Tippy Man.

It has taken a city magistrate, three Justices of Special Sessions, a grand jury, Judge Cowing and a petit jury to determine that George Miller should not be sent to prison for selling a glass of beer to an intoxicated man.

Miller was the bartender for Ohl's Hotel, at Southern Boulevard and One Hundred and Thirty-third street. On September 6 a tippy pedler entered the place and bought a glass of beer. Policeman Kennedy, who was waiting outside, arrested Miller and locked him up for violation of Section 93 of the Raines law.

In the Harlem Police Court Miller was held in \$1,000 bail for the Court of Special Sessions. Unable to get bail, he was lodged in the Tombs until Friday last. When the case was called Jacob Berlinger, counsel for Miller, raised the question of jurisdiction, claiming that the Court of Special Sessions had no right to try the case.

The Justices, after listening to the counsel's argument, paroled the prisoner in Mr. Berlinger's custody until Monday, when they handed down a decision sustaining the lawyer's point. Miller was then recommitted to the Tombs and the matter was referred to the Grand Jury. The man's indictment followed on Tuesday.

Wednesday the case was up for pleading, and immediate trial was demanded. The only witness was the police officer who swears the pedler was intoxicated. The defendant said he wasn't badly intoxicated. The jury went out and returned in a minute or two with a verdict of not guilty.

Exactly how much that five-cent glass of beer cost the county was figured out by a court officer as follows:

Time of policeman, three half days.....	\$0.00
Time of Magistrate and Justices and Judge.....	125.00
Time of Grand Jury and Petit Jury.....	10.00
Time of court officers.....	10.00
Time of District-Attorney's office.....	10.00
Food for prisoner.....	3.00
Total.....	\$174.00

JOAQUIN MILLER STANDS FOR DAWSON.

Pleased with the Klondyke Mines, the Miners and the Dance Halls.

TEN YEARS OF WEALTH.

No Doubt of the Richness of the Whole Territory of the Yukon River.

FEAR OF FAMINE ALL GONE.

Experts Agree That the Trading Company's Boats Will Be Able to Get Enough Provisions Up to the Mines.

By Joaquin Miller.

Dawson, N. W. T., Aug. 17, via San Francisco, Sept. 18.—Yesterday was the anniversary of the discovery of this bonanza. The story told at San Francisco has not only been repeated, but duplicated, and this is going to last even though nothing new is discovered; but there will be discoveries and great ones. It is in the air. You are conscious all the time of a strong undercurrent that flows from somewhere straight and steady, yet you can't quite lay hands on the date and place, and name as yet, but from what we have seen the last few hours on this wide, deep, level and muddy quid, the last place on earth that I, an old miner of more than forty years' experience and adventure, would look for gold, it seems evident that it will take at least ten years to work out these mines. So, you see, this new city will continue to build and build for years.

Yesterday I went to the new Catholic hospital—the Sisters' Hospital of St. Ann's. It is a beautiful building, and a beautiful Alaska squaw who had a small gold ring in her nose and several rings in her ears, I should say she had a great belle here, I danced, or rather bobbed about, with a slim and hungry looking girl from Portland, who maintained a fine supper, and helped her little sister at school.

"And how do you make your money?" "I hire out to mine. I get \$200 to \$300 a week, and a doctor for every dollar the boys spend with me at the bar. Sometimes I make more than I get to night. No, I don't go to night because their business got so big they had to tear down their house and fix it bigger. They start in the morning, and I expect to do a right smart business."

Women Dance and Own Claims.

A scribe here must be one of the boys if he wants to know things. I had to pull this up, this story of hers, in pieces, interrupted by "a man left all hands forward, swing to the bar," etc. These dance parties are not uncommon. I know, or at least I am told by a man who has been here long enough to know one place where a mother and daughter, and a brother and sister, they came here to make money and are doing it. They each have a mining claim. Women take up claims here the way we men do. They pay \$15 a day each, and pay several men to dig at \$25 a day each, while they dance.

Such bonanzas good nature as I have been seeing, and I have seen that have been built within the last many, many years.

But deal with the Collector of Customs yesterday, and he said that the good order here is due in part to the vigilance of the public and the vigilance of the men of the Klondyke, and mostly to the high class of people who came here from the States. They have a clubhouse here, but it has never been used, and has not so far been a single disturbance.

Grab Question Settled.

This morning about 4 o'clock we were delighted with the shell call of a coming steamer. We all sprang from our beds, and the thousands of dogs stood on the high place for a long time, and many of them Men shouted and swung their hats. The congestion was broken. This question of finding out the first claim was settled. There were four hundred tons of food and supplies, and only thirty men coming in with them. Another steamer was reported to be on her way, and it was expected that the cares to come. Yet the honest farmer, as a rule, will get more money, and pay less, by coming here. So will almost any one who is established in some good pursuit at home.

Do not remember that we bear only of the hundred fortunate miners, while nothing at all is said of the thousand and one failures. Working alone, we find that he was working only for wages. He said many more were working, earning less than the others, and some were above and below him on the hillside.

Rothschilts Wanted Claims.

But to go on with the fortunate ones. An agent of the Rothschilts told me that he offered one million and a quarter for ten claims together, but did not get them. I think he is going out there making any money he can. The first claim was not a pick in them as yet, and so far as I can see, they look a marsh, with mud and moss. You sink at least six inches into the soft and sloppy muck as you walk over it. This marsh is a muck, as you can see by the frozen ground, and is partly open up, and below this muck is a layer of soft mud, and the claims ground, five or ten feet in thickness, in which the gold is found.

The news asked for claims are absolutely steep. A lawyer from Juneau offered \$100,000 for a claim yesterday, but he was laughed at by the owner, who simply said, "I know my claim, and I don't want to hold it. He is willing to get a quarter of a million for it. He says, Captain John Healy, an old newspaper man, who I know him, and always relied on his good sense and veracity. He is vice-president of the North American Trading & Transportation Company. They have over 20 times in Idaho, he told me that neither Montana nor Idaho ever showed anything like the gold in sight in the Klondyke mine."

He said: "There will be more gold taken out of this Yukon country than ever has been taken out of all the States together. Of course, we all agree that they are the richest mines in the world, and that they are literally exhausted, but you ought to advise mine to keep away if they are not

miners. It is to our interest to have a great rush this way, but I don't want weak men of any sort here. This is no place for a man who knows nothing about mining. Only miners, and sound, good miners at that, should come to the Klondyke."

MOURNING FOR DAUPHIN.

One Certain Old Naudorff Legend Which Evidently Will Not Down.

The Naudorff legend evidently will not down. Last month a black-bordered letter was sent out from Paris, inviting the faithful to come to the steamer, which was to be held August 20 at Notre Dame des Victoires for the peace of the soul of "Louis XVII., Charles Louis, duke of Normandy, King of France, who died at Versailles in 1795, rescued from the temple in 1795 only to die under the name of 'Louis XVIII.' at Delft, Holland, in 1845, the greatest martyr of our century." According to latter reports the high mass was attended by a very large number of royal mourners.

PROSPERITY

The Bright Side of Life as Indicated by Bountiful Wheat and Cotton.

The Dark Side as Shown by the Increase of Disease—Dr. Greene's Nervura a Nation Saver.

Seven hundred million dollars' increase in the value of America's wheat and cotton crops. Half as many millions more added to the value of American railway securities. Over a billion dollars distributed among the people of this prosperous country. Such is the record of the season of 1897.

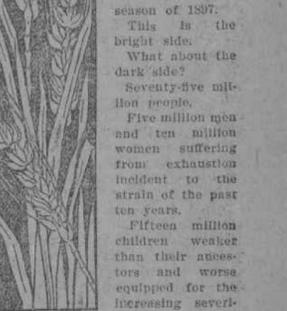
This is the bright side.

What about the dark side?

Seventy-five million people.

Five million women suffering from exhaustion incident to the strain of the past ten years.

Fifteen million children weaker than their ancestors and worse equipped for the increasing severity of the battle of life.



Nerves! Nerves! Nerves! Distracted nerves and weakened and flinched blood make up the most serious problem which this country must solve. Soldiers rather than soldiers are needed to save the nation.

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA

For the Nerves and Blood.

The scientist who is now doing most for his fellow-men is Dr. Greene, the distinguished specialist who discovered Dr. Greene's Nervura remedy for the nerves and blood. The overwork and over-anxiety peculiar to American life are a severe drain upon the vital forces. It is this drain which Dr. Greene's Nervura counteracts. Shattered nerves are strengthened, weakened blood is vitalized, and the whole physical and mental system restored to its original power and activity.



NEW YORK DENTAL PARLORS. (Incorporated.)

NO MORE DREAD OF THE DENTAL CHAIR.

Teeth extracted by our new scientific method. No pain or bad results. Applied to the gums. Absolutely painless. No sleep-producing agent or cocaine. We are not competing with cheap dental establishments, but with first-class dentists, with prices less than half charged by them.

We, the undersigned, have had teeth extracted and work done at the New York Dental Parlors, by the scientific method, and are satisfied.

NATHAN HUBBEL, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y. J. W. GIBBS, D. D., Brooklyn.

There is the only dental parlor in New York that have the patent appliances and ingredients to extract, fill or supply gold crowns and porcelain dentures, and do all the work of a first-class dentist, without the least amount of pain or danger. FULL SET OF TEETH \$15. We guarantee a fit or no pay. Gold crowns and teeth without plates, gold fillings and all other dental work done painlessly and by scientific method. We are not competing with cheap dental establishments, but with first-class dentists, with prices less than half charged by them. We, the undersigned, have had teeth extracted and work done at the New York Dental Parlors, by the scientific method, and are satisfied.

New York Dental Parlors, 54 WEST 23D ST.